

5 Fairchild Place
Whippany, New Jersey
October 1, 1953

My dear Hotie:

I am writing this to express my appreciation of your kind letter of a few days ago. It helps a sick man so much to get even a short letter from one who has been such a wonderful sister to me, up thru the long hard years.

I did not think that I would ever write another verse manuscript, but in the month of September I covered the entire Book Of Proverbs in a 76-page manuscript, which I consider a very fitting climax to all my other 25 verse manuscripts. While, I know, an author is a very poor judge of his own production, I believe that this is the best of them all.

I wrote "Proverbs Reviewed in Verse" under very trying circumstances, spending two hours, perhaps, on my sick-bed, to every one hour at my desk. However, with the mental physical, and spiritual assistance and direction---I verily believe---of the Good Lord, I finished it, in its entirety, last night, around 11 o'clock.

This morning I spent in bed, trying to get over the strenuousness of my work in writing this, my last work; for^d_^ do not expect to ever undertake the writing of another verse manuscript.

While the Communists, and especially, the

Communist appeasers, in and out of Congress, have, for the time being, absolutely succeeded in preventing the publication of any of my works, God Almighty is infinitely more powerful than all of them, and "the world, the flesh, and the devil", put together, and, in His own good time, all of these deplorable wrongs will be righted.

Some years ago, the late Senator Tom Heflin told me to keep on keeping on. He said that this thing had too much good in it to ultimately fail; so, I have kept on keeping^{on}, as you know, from that day to this.

A few days ago, I pulled my shackly self together, and went into Morristown, and sang into a phonograph record two songs, of my own composition, one on each side of it. One of the songs is entitled "Alabama, Home, Sweet Home" which sings to the tune "Home, Sweet Home". While I have never heard of such thing being done, it might be very fitting to have this song played at my funeral. If you desire I will send the record to you, and see what you think of the idea. Why should no^τ a man sing his own funeral dirge? I think it would be a unique thing to do.

Well, I will close, by wishing you every deserved success, which is all that you can possibly need.

If you want us to have the silverware, mentioned in your last letter, of course, it will be appreciated.

Most sincerely,

H. C. C.



Mrs. Lillian C. West
Panama City & St. Andrews
Floride